CHAPTER XXIII. The Dream in the Norn.

# Let me

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is to blame for her own wretched

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read what these women say:

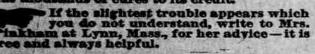
Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I send my testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, hoping it may induce other suffering women to avail themselves of the benefit of this valuable remedy.

"I suffered from pains in my back and side, sick headaches, no appetite, was tired and nervous all the time, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman—and this valuable medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Ave., Camden, N. J.

Eric, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles, and at last was almost helpless. I tried three doctors but they did me no good. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me well and strong. I hope all suffering women will just give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it is worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. 7, Eric, Pa.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable ompound has been the standard remedy for smale ills. No sick woman does justice to erself who will not try this famous medicine. Indee exclusively from roots and herbs, and as thousands of cures to its credit.





# WITH HUNGARIANS IN JASONVILLE

(Special from United Press.)
sonville, Ind., March 30.—One hunHungarfan miners who last evenbarticipated in a battle with Amercoal diggers at the Bogle Mines
here in which a number of Amera were shot, have been given noto get out of the country. Before
erday's clash began the Hungargot their women and children
y and to-day they are packing uparal hundred miners are lined along
roads to this city heavily armed,
e trouble is expected when the
garians come out of the sheds in come out of the sheds in have barricaded them-

he officials of the mining companies to warned the deputy sheriffs that y had better not attempt to arrest Hungarians, who, they say, will ely start another battle, were one thousand rounds of amountion were discharged when the cricans fought last evening. Sheds which the Huns lived were riddled as none but the Huns have lived them it is not known whether any or foreigners were killed.

"My three year old boy was badly onatipated, had a high fever and was a an awful condition. I gave him two loses of Foley's Orino Laxative and the fext morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkush. Casimer. Wis. F. B. Brill, local agent.

### PANIC ON WHITE STAR LINER CRETIC

(Special from United Press.)

New York, March 30.—Tales of a panic in mid-ocean among the 1,669 Italian steerage passengers of the White Star liner Cretic were told by the cabin passengers when the ship docked in New York to-day. Frenzied by the supposed jocular cry of "Fire" raised by some of their countrymen who poured from the steerage companionway, the Italians fought over one another to reach the life boats. Before the officers of the ship could interfere, the immigrants had swarmed all over the ship and with drawn knives stood by the boats shouting defiance to the officers who ordered them back to the steerage quarters.

When the Italians learned there was no fire they quieted down and returned to their own quarters. The officers of the ship denied that the panic had assumed dangerous proportions and said the officers and crew had the situation in hand throughout.

# DESPERATE BATTLE MAY END TARIFF

program on the ground that the time instead of being devoted to general debate could be put to much better use by being occupied by debate on the sections under the five minute rule. In his maiden speech before the House to-day Representative Cox (Democrat, Ohio), made a strong pleafor the reduction of the lariff on sewing machines and bicycles. He declared that American manufacturers were absolutely helpless in competing with manufacturers of these products abroad. Cox declared that it was expenditure and not revenue that should have consideration by the Republican party.

An additional revenue tax on beer is in prospect as a new feature of the Payne Tariff Bill. So much protest has been aroused by the tariff on tea and countervailing tariff on coffee and the demand for revenue has been so forcible that House leaders have under serious consideration the question of increasing the tax on beer.

No decision has been reached by the House leaders on the question of having a Republican caucus but the chances are that now will be held. There is such a diversion of sentiment among the members caused by conflicting interests of the various districts that it would be risky to bring them together in caucus.

them together in caucus.

The present plan is to bring in a rule on Thursday cutting off general debate naming the schedules on which there may be a separate vote and fixing a day probably April 10; for a vote on the bill.

#### JAN POUREN NOT TO BE DEPORTED

New York, March 30.—Jan Pouren's long fight against extradition to certain death in Russia ended successfully this afternoon when he was discharged by United States Commissioneh Hitchcock and was escorted by a jubilant throng of friends to the East Side.

Pouren had been in the Tombs since

Pouren had been in the Tombs since his arrest in December, 1907. He was charged by the Russian government with murder, arson, robbery and other

## Be Wise in Time

You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

They are the finest natural laxative in the world - gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them, the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and

Keep the Bowels Healthy ile Active & Stomach Well

#### THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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#### **Зишинишиний инфиницииний К**

"Gladly," she answered. gending certain orders to the slave peoples who still know me as Mother of the Trees, and obey my words. Per-haps thou dost not believe that while I sat upon yonder wall I talked across the desert to the chiefs of the marches upon the far border of the land of the Umkulu, and that by now at my bid

Umkulu, and that by now at my bidding they have sent out men upon an errand of mine."

"What was the errand, Mother?" asked Rachel curiously.

"I said the errand was mine, not thine, Maiden. It is not pressing, but as I do not know how long my strength will last, I thought it well that it should be settled." Then without more words she colled herself up on her mat and seemed to go to sleep.

It was after this incident of the drums that Rachel experienced the strangest days, or rather weeks of her life. Nya sent her into no more trances, and to all outward seeming nothing happened. Yet within her nuch did happen. Her madness had utterly left her and still she was not as other women are, or as she herself had been in health. Her mind seemed to wander and she knew not whither it wandered. Yet for long hours, although she was awake and, so Nois said talking or walking or walking as though she was awake and, so Noie said, talking or eating or walking a usual, it was away from her, and afterwards she could remember nothing. Also this happened at night as well as during the day, and ever more and more often.

and looked at finit sternly.

The ancient Mother of the Trees to looked at him sternly.

In the stern of the

desire one that is tall and beautiful and white. Moreover, when my blood has been poured into her, her wisdom will be great, greater than thine or that of any Mother that went before thee, for she is 'Wensi,' the Virgin, and her soul is purer than them all. I will not let her go. If she leaves this Holy Place where none may do her harm, she shall die, and then her Spirit may go to seek that other traveller." ed. Then they made an offer to him. He was a white man, they said, and cheveror than they were; let them come under his wing, let him be their chief, for he would know how to protect them from the Zulus and any other enemies. He could take over the wives of Ibubesi (at this proposition Richard shuddered), and they would obey him in all things, only he must not attempt to leave them—which he should never do Thou art mad, Eddo, mad and blind with pride and folly. Let her be, and choose another Mother. Now, there is

"Thy great-niece, Nya, who thinks as thou thinkest, and hates those whom thou hatest. Nay, I will have none of that half-breed. Yonder white Inko-sazana shall be our queen and no

"Then, Eddo," whispered Nya, Eaning forward, and looking into his eyes, "She shall be the last Mother of this people. Fool, there are those who fight for her against whom thou canst not prevail. Thou knowest them not, but I know them, and I tell thee that but I know them, and I tell thee that they make ready thy doom. Have thy way, Eddo: it was not for her that I pleaded with thee, but for the sate of the ancient People of the Ghosts, whose fate draws night to them. Fool have thy way, spin thy web, and be clught in it thyself. I tell thee, Eddo, that thy death shall be redder that any thou hast ever dreamed, nor skall it fall on thee alone. Begone now and trouble me no more till in another place all that is left of thee shallcreep to my feet, praying me for a sardon thou shalt not find. Begone, for the last leaf withers on my Tree and tomorrow I pass within the Fence Say to the people that their Mother spainst whom they rebelled is dead, and that the way as such dreamed of Rachel, dreamed that she was searching for him and calling him. It was a very vivid dream, but he woke up and it passes a way as such dreams do. Only

all the day that followed he felt strange throbbing in his head. an THE HEAVENS.

H. Rider Haggard

H. Rider Hobbing in his head, and found himself turning ever towards the north. The next night he dreamed again of her, and heard her say, "The search has been far and long, but I have found you, Richard. Open your eyes now, and you will see my face."

So he opened his eyes, and there, sure enough, on the darkness he perceived the outline of her sweet, remembered face, about which fell her golden hair. For one moment only he perceived it, then it was gone, and after that her presence never seemed to leave him. He could not see her, he could not sold her, and yet she was ever at his side. His brain ached with the thought of her, her breath seemed to fan his hands and hair. At night her face floated before him, and in his dreams her voice called him, saying: "Come to me, Richard. I am in need of you. Come to me, I myself will be your guide."

Then he would walke and remained again of her, and heart has been far and long, but I have found you, Richard. Open y she lids them prepare to meet the evil which alive, she warded from their heal."

Now Eddo strove to answer but

her voice called him. saying: "Come to me, come to me, Richard. I am in need of you. Come to me. I myself will be your guide."

Then he would wake, and remembering that she was dead, grew sure and ever surer that the Spirit of Rachel was calling him down to death. It called him from the north, always from the north. Soon he could scarce years to make the southwards or east or west for Richard Darrien remembered drink-ing a bowl of milk in the hutin which he was imprisoned at Mafooti and inwalk southwards, or east or west, for ere he had gone many yards his feet turned and set his face towards the north, that was to the narrow nek between the precipices which the Kaffirs guarded night and day.

One evening he went to his hut to sleep, if sleep would come to him. It came, and with it that face and voice, but the face seemed paler, and the he was imprisoned at Mafooti and in-stantly feeling a cold chill 'rin to his heart and brain, after which he re-membered no more for mary a day. At length, however, by slow degrees, and with sundry slips back into un-consciousness, life and some share of his reason and memory returned to him. He awoke to find hinself lying in a hut roughly fashioned of branch-es, and attended by a Kaffir woman of middle age.

"Who are you?" he asked

came, and with it that face and voice, but the face seemed paler, and the voice more insistent.

"Will you not listen to me," it said, "you who were my love? For how long must I plead with you? Soon my power will leave me, the opportunity will be passed, and then how will you find me, Richard, my lover? Rise up, rise up and follow ere it be too late, for I myself will be your guide."

He awoke. He could bear it no more. Perhaps he was mad, and these were visions of his madness, mocking visions that led him to his death. Well, if so, he still would follow them. Permiddle age.

"Who are you?" he asked

"I am named Mami," she answered.

"Mami, Mami! I know the name, and I know the voice. Sa, were you one of the wives of Ibubel, she who spoke with me through the fence?" and he etrove to raise himself on his arm to look at her, but fell back from weakness.

Vegetable Compound, hoping it cannot no avail themselves of the Vegetable Compound, hoping it cannot no avail themselves of the Vegetable Compound, the Vegetable Compound of the Vegetable Compound of

iesve them-which he should never do

Richard put the proposal by, but in

the end, not because he wished it, but by the mere weight of his white man's blood, and for the lack of anything else to do, drifted into some such position.

to do, drifted into some such position. Only at the wives of Ibubesi, or any other wives, he would not so much as look, a slight that gave offence to those women, but made the others laugh.

So, for certain long weeks he sat in that secret nook in the mountains as the chief of a little Kaffir tribe, occupying himself with the planting of crops, the building of walls and huts, the drilling of men and the settling of quarrels. All day he worked thus, but after the day came the night when he did not work, and those nights he dreaded. For then the languor, not of body, but of mind, which the polson

SICK

HEAD

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